

The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

It is saddest to learn that the Ellis are exterminating the elk for the sake of its teeth.

Iowa has a young woman who says that she can't live on property on 9 cents a day. Is she married?

It is the privilege of the talker to misquote. The writer has to look it up in the dictionary of quotations.

Nearly 7,000 books were published in this country last year. You didn't read more than half of them, perhaps.

It is essential that a woman's arms should be pretty," says a fashion expert. And that a man's arms should be strong?

A New York man who gave his horse a pint of whiskey has been fined \$25—presumably for wasting whiskey on a horse.

The weather bureau's monthly report has a learned dissertation on "mean" temperature. Everybody knows what it means.

The original of Dickens' "Little Dorrit" is still alive, at the age of 80. But she has changed so you would scarcely know her.

The Chicago poet who has offered to write 5,000 poems for a dollar apiece will be the envy of thousands of other poets if he gets the job.

Mrs. Chadwick is now said to have \$100,000 cashed. The only surprise contained in this piece of news is the smallness of the amount.

This is certainly the age of big things, as is proved by the fact that a blotch on the sun's face 30,000 miles in diameter is called a spot.

The suicide who wrote to an undertaker, "Lay this body on a shelf in your back room and I'll get it later," had a grim notion of humor.

Carnegie is to receive \$1.50 a day for going to Cleveland as a witness. The possibility of his being able to do the poor is becoming more and more remote.

One would not care, we should think, to go through a severe civil service examination in order to be placed on the Russian grand duke's cabinet.

If Herr Hoch had as much presence of mind as Adam had, he would put on an innocent look and declare that he wasn't to blame—that all those women married him.

That French physician's "oyster cure," requiring patients to eat six dozen of the bivalves daily, should be a great thing for the health of the oyster dealers.

If the earlier purse is generally adopted it will become popular to take street car rides on the chance of seeing a party of ladies quarreling about what they will pay the fare.

Down in Maryland there is a man who has the euphonious name of Freezer Fry. He ought to live in St. Louis, where the people are under the necessity of doing both.

The venerable Captain Adrian C. Anson says bathing is a lost art, but the veteran Colonel John L. Sullivan may be trusted to prove him wrong by getting on another one.

Why should any one be surprised because P. T. Barnum's autograph sold for three times as much as Henry Clay's? Henry Clay never ran such a big circus as P. T. Barnum did.

Apparently the Russian students think a zenshi school will be entirely as tame an affair to give satisfaction after the riotous times to which the people over there have become accustomed.

The Baltimore professor who thinks it is well to chloroform all men when they reach the age of 60 says nothing about the women, probably because he realizes that no woman ever gets that old.

Apparently Mr. Alexander and his fellow-directors regard Mr. Hyde as too Frenchy and frivolous for the presidency of a great life insurance corporation. Query: Were they invited to the \$100,000 ball?

Fire in a New York theater, the other day, caused a lot of chorus girls who were dressed only in tights to rush to the streets. They are reported to have been greatly embarrassed, but most of them are glad now that it happened. They are all demanding leading parts on the strength of the advertisement they got.

The Nashville American denounces the comic vaudeville with its "satirical" and "satirical" as a cheap, witless and spiteful abomination that is stupidity condensed. That editor must have received a skillfully selected one.

A Spokane woman has secured a divorce from her husband because he insists on squandering his earnings trying to invent a flying machine instead of buying the necessities of life for his family. That woman has a level head.

It must be disheartening, sometimes to a farmer when he looks out his billows fields of wheat to think how little he gets out of it compared to what the gamblers in the stock market get, although scarcely one of them can tell a sheaf of good grain from a hay cock.

The London couple who came over to New York to get married, to avoid the English law forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, can get a quick divorce if they require one, by traveling another 1,500 miles.

Comte Henri de La Vaux, the French aeronaut, says that this country is by far the best for experiments on a large scale in air navigation. Of course. It's the best for everything.

Buffalo Bill feels now that he should have avoided domestic life and confined himself solely to such safe and genteel pursuits as fighting redskins.

There appears to be no truth in the recent rumor that Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Hetty Green are going to form a frenzied financial corporation.

QUIRE JOHN A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Tompkins, New York.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Smithers believes there is no further necessity for entering the poor devil when the fortunes of war have thrown into his power, and is willing to compromise the matter. So he suddenly pushes the half-strangled guard back into the compartment, and finding a means of opening the door, passing the bottom of the carriage ceases to move.

As Sin has not been backward about managing his share of the business, and he utilizes the piece of iron in his hand to such good purpose that the car makes no effort to return toward the bottom of the incline.

As for Jack, he has his work cut out also. When the vehicle of transportation ceases to move, he reaches the ground alongside, and hastens toward the car, which he finds to be empty.

Now he reaches the door. He is on the other side from that selected by Smithers, so that he sees nothing of that worthy gentleman's little engagement with the train guard.

"Why do you stop, guard?" asks a voice, and Jack readily recognizes it as belonging to the very being who has been the power.

She is there within arm's length of him at the moment—what ecstasy the girl brings to him—his Highland bride, the girl who really bears his name; and yet a cruel fate compels him to dissemble.

"There has been an accident—a coupling gone false, and the train has gone on, leaving our carriage behind," is what he says.

He hears feminine exclamations of alarm, and the gruffer tones of a man's voice. Then out comes the white head of the power.

"What is all this, guard? You say we are left behind in the wilds. Cosplay! this is, indeed, a nice kettle of fish."

Senior Robledo is evidently in a towering rage at being subjected to such delay, and he bangs the door and springs out into the night.

Immediately he makes a discovery. He looks at the disguised "Squire John" as though something very singular has flashed into his mind, like your own, and one who is as much interested in looking after our safety as you may be.

Robledo crouches down a little. "What would you advise, senior?" asks the don, eagerly.

"I danger signal both up and down the line that we may warn them, no matter from what direction they come."

"If you mean lanterns?" "If they can be had; but otherwise fires will do just as well."

"A splendid thought, I congratulate you on your idea, senior. Let us waste no time in accomplishing it, for this is the hour when the guard is at his post, and he will be behind his master."

"A servant of mine, senior, who is worth his weight in gold in a crisis like this."

"He can help with the fires. But I would like to know what has become of that guard. He shall be punished for deserting us."

"Hark! I hear voices. Possibly it is the guard and the gentleman who traveled with me. Look, yonder they come round the end of the car. We shall have company—plenty of hands to build the fires, senior."

Sure enough Smithers comes hurrying to the spot, accompanied by the guard, whom he seems to have utterly hypnotized, since the fellow shows an eagerness to obey his slightest wish that is really ridiculous to Jack.

CHAPTER XVI.

Under One Flag.

A hasty council of war is convened, and the rebel leaders, in a single flash, all seem to be of one mind, that their only course under the circumstances is to keep on the watch and guard against the approach of a train.

So, while the senior and Smithers walk down the line a dozen or so yards, with the avowed intention of building a bonfire there, Jack, Ah Sin

and the guard stand up to do the same about the stalled carriage.

As the light from this is thrown around, dispelling the gloom, it will be easier work collecting the wood.

Ah Sin proves a master hand at this, and he and the guard, quite content, he should have charge of the fire, once they get going, since it will keep the Chinaman away from the carriage, and hence lessen the danger of his appearance arousing sudden suspicion in the mind of the senior.

Besides, Jack's curiosity has been aroused, and he longs to know what magic the wonderful Smithers has exercised in order to make such a devoted ally out of the guard.

The opportunity comes when he can address the chap, and he does not think that he has already learned that the guard has a fair comprehension of "English as she is spoke."

"You have seen my friend; you understand the truth. Is it so?" he asks, and the guard with a smile and a shrug makes answer, as he involuntarily raises a hand to his throat, which doubtless still feels the effect of the detective's hard fingers.

"Holla, senior, I understand. Anything he says, that will I do. We are as one. When a man saves the life of Pedro Aguilera, there is nothing I would not do for him. And you are my friend, senior; have no fear that I will tell the truth to ever tell."

Ah Sin has therefore told him the dreadful doom from which he has been snatched, as it were, by a miracle, and for the present, at least, the fellow in his gratitude is ready and willing to serve them faithfully. What he might do when the idea grows a little more familiar to him remains to be seen.

Jack moves down toward the others, as Ah Sin may be trusted to keep things going. As he passes the carriage he sees two heads at the open door, and needs no spirit of divination to tell him who the interested spectators may be.

While he is just in front of them, one of the girls asks him if there is any danger. Evidently they are disturbed, as the bravest feminine mind might well be.

Junia does most of the questioning, but her Scotch steeplechase occasionally introduces a few words, and evidently grasps the situation far better than Jack had believed possible.

He is more than charmed with her apparently brave demeanor in the face of danger, and not forgetting his debt to the death of Jack Tully, Senior Robledo has regarded him with a full and exceedingly vivid account of the singular events that followed so fast upon his accident in the Cananote. Hence he knows Jack is alive, and that through the most peculiar freak of fortune in the world he was permitted to meet sweet Jessie Cameron, just as the outrageous and the testament of his Quixotic relative required. This being the case, it may be safely assumed that Senior Robledo has an additional grievance against the man he has wronged, and that when the very first opportunity springs up he will avail himself of it in the hope of winning "Squire John's" widow.

QUIRE JOHN A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Tompkins, New York.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Smithers believes there is no further necessity for entering the poor devil when the fortunes of war have thrown into his power, and is willing to compromise the matter. So he suddenly pushes the half-strangled guard back into the compartment, and finding a means of opening the door, passing the bottom of the carriage ceases to move.

As Sin has not been backward about managing his share of the business, and he utilizes the piece of iron in his hand to such good purpose that the car makes no effort to return toward the bottom of the incline.

As for Jack, he has his work cut out also. When the vehicle of transportation ceases to move, he reaches the ground alongside, and hastens toward the car, which he finds to be empty.

Now he reaches the door. He is on the other side from that selected by Smithers, so that he sees nothing of that worthy gentleman's little engagement with the train guard.

"Why do you stop, guard?" asks a voice, and Jack readily recognizes it as belonging to the very being who has been the power.

She is there within arm's length of him at the moment—what ecstasy the girl brings to him—his Highland bride, the girl who really bears his name; and yet a cruel fate compels him to dissemble.

"There has been an accident—a coupling gone false, and the train has gone on, leaving our carriage behind," is what he says.

He hears feminine exclamations of alarm, and the gruffer tones of a man's voice. Then out comes the white head of the power.

"What is all this, guard? You say we are left behind in the wilds. Cosplay! this is, indeed, a nice kettle of fish."

Senior Robledo is evidently in a towering rage at being subjected to such delay, and he bangs the door and springs out into the night.

Immediately he makes a discovery. He looks at the disguised "Squire John" as though something very singular has flashed into his mind, like your own, and one who is as much interested in looking after our safety as you may be.

Robledo crouches down a little. "What would you advise, senior?" asks the don, eagerly.

"I danger signal both up and down the line that we may warn them, no matter from what direction they come."

"If you mean lanterns?" "If they can be had; but otherwise fires will do just as well."

"A splendid thought, I congratulate you on your idea, senior. Let us waste no time in accomplishing it, for this is the hour when the guard is at his post, and he will be behind his master."

"A servant of mine, senior, who is worth his weight in gold in a crisis like this."

"He can help with the fires. But I would like to know what has become of that guard. He shall be punished for deserting us."

"Hark! I hear voices. Possibly it is the guard and the gentleman who traveled with me. Look, yonder they come round the end of the car. We shall have company—plenty of hands to build the fires, senior."

Sure enough Smithers comes hurrying to the spot, accompanied by the guard, whom he seems to have utterly hypnotized, since the fellow shows an eagerness to obey his slightest wish that is really ridiculous to Jack.

CHAPTER XVI.

Under One Flag.

A hasty council of war is convened, and the rebel leaders, in a single flash, all seem to be of one mind, that their only course under the circumstances is to keep on the watch and guard against the approach of a train.

So, while the senior and Smithers walk down the line a dozen or so yards, with the avowed intention of building a bonfire there, Jack, Ah Sin

and the guard stand up to do the same about the stalled carriage.

As the light from this is thrown around, dispelling the gloom, it will be easier work collecting the wood.

Ah Sin proves a master hand at this, and he and the guard, quite content, he should have charge of the fire, once they get going, since it will keep the Chinaman away from the carriage, and hence lessen the danger of his appearance arousing sudden suspicion in the mind of the senior.

Besides, Jack's curiosity has been aroused, and he longs to know what magic the wonderful Smithers has exercised in order to make such a devoted ally out of the guard.

The opportunity comes when he can address the chap, and he does not think that he has already learned that the guard has a fair comprehension of "English as she is spoke."

"You have seen my friend; you understand the truth. Is it so?" he asks, and the guard with a smile and a shrug makes answer, as he involuntarily raises a hand to his throat, which doubtless still feels the effect of the detective's hard fingers.

"Holla, senior, I understand. Anything he says, that will I do. We are as one. When a man saves the life of Pedro Aguilera, there is nothing I would not do for him. And you are my friend, senior; have no fear that I will tell the truth to ever tell."

Ah Sin has therefore told him the dreadful doom from which he has been snatched, as it were, by a miracle, and for the present, at least, the fellow in his gratitude is ready and willing to serve them faithfully. What he might do when the idea grows a little more familiar to him remains to be seen.

Jack moves down toward the others, as Ah Sin may be trusted to keep things going. As he passes the carriage he sees two heads at the open door, and needs no spirit of divination to tell him who the interested spectators may be.

While he is just in front of them, one of the girls asks him if there is any danger. Evidently they are disturbed, as the bravest feminine mind might well be.

Junia does most of the questioning, but her Scotch steeplechase occasionally introduces a few words, and evidently grasps the situation far better than Jack had believed possible.

He is more than charmed with her apparently brave demeanor in the face of danger, and not forgetting his debt to the death of Jack Tully, Senior Robledo has regarded him with a full and exceedingly vivid account of the singular events that followed so fast upon his accident in the Cananote. Hence he knows Jack is alive, and that through the most peculiar freak of fortune in the world he was permitted to meet sweet Jessie Cameron, just as the outrageous and the testament of his Quixotic relative required. This being the case, it may be safely assumed that Senior Robledo has an additional grievance against the man he has wronged, and that when the very first opportunity springs up he will avail himself of it in the hope of winning "Squire John's" widow.

QUIRE JOHN A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Tompkins, New York.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Smithers believes there is no further necessity for entering the poor devil when the fortunes of war have thrown into his power, and is willing to compromise the matter. So he suddenly pushes the half-strangled guard back into the compartment, and finding a means of opening the door, passing the bottom of the carriage ceases to move.

As Sin has not been backward about managing his share of the business, and he utilizes the piece of iron in his hand to such good purpose that the car makes no effort to return toward the bottom of the incline.

As for Jack, he has his work cut out also. When the vehicle of transportation ceases to move, he reaches the ground alongside, and hastens toward the car, which he finds to be empty.

Now he reaches the door. He is on the other side from that selected by Smithers, so that he sees nothing of that worthy gentleman's little engagement with the train guard.

"Why do you stop, guard?" asks a voice, and Jack readily recognizes it as belonging to the very being who has been the power.

She is there within arm's length of him at the moment—what ecstasy the girl brings to him—his Highland bride, the girl who really bears his name; and yet a cruel fate compels him to dissemble.

"There has been an accident—a coupling gone false, and the train has gone on, leaving our carriage behind," is what he says.

He hears feminine exclamations of alarm, and the gruffer tones of a man's voice. Then out comes the white head of the power.

"What is all this, guard? You say we are left behind in the wilds. Cosplay! this is, indeed, a nice kettle of fish."

Senior Robledo is evidently in a towering rage at being subjected to such delay, and he bangs the door and springs out into the night.

Immediately he makes a discovery. He looks at the disguised "Squire John" as though something very singular has flashed into his mind, like your own, and one who is as much interested in looking after our safety as you may be.

Robledo crouches down a little. "What would you advise, senior?" asks the don, eagerly.

"I danger signal both up and down the line that we may warn them, no matter from what direction they come."

"If you mean lanterns?" "If they can be had; but otherwise fires will do just as well."

"A splendid thought, I congratulate you on your idea, senior. Let us waste no time in accomplishing it, for this is the hour when the guard is at his post, and he will be behind his master."

"A servant of mine, senior, who is worth his weight in gold in a crisis like this."

"He can help with the fires. But I would like to know what has become of that guard. He shall be punished for deserting us."

"Hark! I hear voices. Possibly it is the guard and the gentleman who traveled with me. Look, yonder they come round the end of the car. We shall have company—plenty of hands to build the fires, senior."

Sure enough Smithers comes hurrying to the spot, accompanied by the guard, whom he seems to have utterly hypnotized, since the fellow shows an eagerness to obey his slightest wish that is really ridiculous to Jack.

CHAPTER XVI.

Under One Flag.

A hasty council of war is convened, and the rebel leaders, in a single flash, all seem to be of one mind, that their only course under the circumstances is to keep on the watch and guard against the approach of a train.

So, while the senior and Smithers walk down the line a dozen or so yards, with the avowed intention of building a bonfire there, Jack, Ah Sin

and the guard stand up to do the same about the stalled carriage.

As the light from this is thrown around, dispelling the gloom, it will be easier work collecting the wood.

Ah Sin proves a master hand at this, and he and the guard, quite content, he should have charge of the fire, once they get going, since it will keep the Chinaman away from the carriage, and hence lessen the danger of his appearance arousing sudden suspicion in the mind of the senior.

Besides, Jack's curiosity has been aroused, and he longs to know what magic the wonderful Smithers has exercised in order to make such a devoted ally out of the guard.

The opportunity comes when he can address the chap, and he does not think that he has already learned that the guard has a fair comprehension of "English as she is spoke."

"You have seen my friend; you understand the truth. Is it so?" he asks, and the guard with a smile and a shrug makes answer, as he involuntarily raises a hand to his throat, which doubtless still feels the effect of the detective's hard fingers.

"Holla, senior, I understand. Anything he says, that will I do. We are as one. When a man saves the life of Pedro Aguilera, there is nothing I would not do for him. And you are my friend, senior; have no fear that I will tell the truth to ever tell."

Ah Sin has therefore told him the dreadful doom from which he has been snatched, as it were, by a miracle, and for the present, at least, the fellow in his gratitude is ready and willing to serve them faithfully. What he might do when the idea grows a little more familiar to him remains to be seen.

Jack moves down toward the others, as Ah Sin may be trusted to keep things going. As he passes the carriage he sees two heads at the open door, and needs no spirit of divination to tell him who the interested spectators may be.

While he is just in front of them, one of the girls asks him if there is any danger. Evidently they are disturbed, as the bravest feminine mind might well be.

Junia does most of the questioning, but her Scotch steeplechase occasionally introduces a few words, and evidently grasps the situation far better than Jack had believed possible.

He is more than charmed with her apparently brave demeanor in the face of danger, and not forgetting his debt to the death of Jack Tully, Senior Robledo has regarded him with a full and exceedingly vivid account of the singular events that followed so fast upon his accident in the Cananote. Hence he knows Jack is alive, and that through the most peculiar freak of fortune in the world he was permitted to meet sweet Jessie Cameron, just as the outrageous and the testament of his Quixotic relative required. This being the case, it may be safely assumed that Senior Robledo has an additional grievance against the man he has wronged, and that when the very first opportunity springs up he will avail himself of it in the hope of winning "Squire John's" widow.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Short Speech Delivered by Chief Executive After Taking the Oath of Office—Our Duties as a Nation to the World and to Ourselves.

After taking the oath of office during the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, President Roosevelt delivered the following speech: My Fellow Citizens:

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness. In our own strength, with grateful aid from the God of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race, and yet our life has been called for by vigor and effort without which the nation would have perished. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us, and of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

"That will be hard," declares Smithers, who has hard work to hide the grin that causes his facial muscles to twitch.

"Very hard indeed, but, seniors, if they should come, that is no reason we must give in like weakness. I myself will set you an example. They shall only enter yonder carriage where the ladies are, over my body."

"(To be continued.)"

CAT WAS VERY USEFUL.

According to Truthful Man It Saved Lives of Regiment.

"Gentlemen," said the tactician man, "the stories you have told of the truly remarkable dogs you have possessed have fired me with enthusiasm. Would you mind relating a true anecdote of an humble cat, who saved the lives of a regiment?"

"Certainly not," said the Head Truthful kindly. "Confide in us. I can do you good."

"Thank you. Very well, I happened to be locked up in Lady Smith's during the late war, and, as you know, at one time it seemed that we should have to surrender for want of food. But one day I was lucky enough to capture the cat which is the subject of this story. We treated it with tenderness, for some of us had wives of our own; but one sad day it—it was served up in a pie. That pie saved the lives of my company, gentlemen."

"Yes, but you said a regiment," said the Head Truthful, who is a stickler for detail.

"Quite so. But that animal came back eight distinct times; each time it was made into a pie, and thus the regiment was saved. O, sirs, never before had we received such fine food. It is for humanity that cats have nine lives! Yes; this is my station. Good morning!"—Stray Stories.

City Planting a Forest.

Los Angeles, Cal., has 3,000 acres of brush land called Griffith park, which it intends to convert into commercial forest. This will be the first instance of a city in the United States planting a forest, says the Detroit News-Tribune. The practice is quite common in Europe, where the forest parks have not only contributed to the pleasure of the people, but have been more than a help in supporting through their timber output.

Under its cooperative offer the bureau of forestry had last summer at Los Angeles four of its experts making a comprehensive planting plan for the forest. This plan was completed at the end of September. The idea is to convert a waste piece of land into a productive forest, which will not only pay for its creation and care through the sale of mature timber, but will prove a constant source of pleasure and recreation for the citizens of Los Angeles.

Champion Mean Man.

Senator Serrano E. Payne of Auburn, while at the Republican headquarters last week, says the New York Globe, related an instance told to him